

This is the anniversary of the birth, in 1766, of Mme. de Staël, largely responsible for the French romantic movement, and one of the most admired women of her time. She was unattractive personally. She died in 1817.

THE WOMAN GOD CHANGED

This Powerful Romance, Soon to Be Seen on the Screen, Answers the Mooted Question, "Can a Woman Who Has Sinned Come Back?"

The Story So Far.
Anna Janssen, a young and handsome woman, is on trial for the deliberate murder of Alastair de Vries, a rich philanthropist who had thrown her overboard for a new fancy. The District Attorney brings out the facts of the shooting in a restaurant, while the prisoner excites the wonder of the Court by her beauty and a strange calm and serenity, which make it seem impossible that she could be guilty. Her lawyer rises, just contrary to expectation he makes no move to block any of the witnesses of the State. This is a great surprise.
This appealing story has been made into a wonderful film drama by Cosmopolitan Productions, and will be released as a Paramount picture.

By Donn Byrne.
AND the usher of the cabaret—if I had concentrated on him, I could have made that whiskey-sodden brain, that broken brain, contradict everything he said.
"But I did none of these things. I made no haze of doubt out of honest facts. For why? Because these facts are true. I grant them freely."

There was a rustle and murmur in the room. The public was suddenly agitated. What was this from Donegan? Treachery? Who ever heard of a counsel granting things like that? Good Lord, what was the man doing? The murmuring went on in spite of the judge's gavel, the attendants' cries.
Donegan swept the room with his black, minatory glance, and the murmuring died.

"Your honor, Mr. District Attorney, men of the jury, a crime is not an instantaneous action. What goes before a crime is important, and not less important is what follows it. Has the affair been brooded over, or has it been the result of momentary passion and has the deed been regarded with smug satisfaction, or with quaking horror?"
"And what effect has this had on the prisoner, on the world, on its time? So many things have to be taken into consideration when we are adjudging the crime."

"Gentlemen, the law and legal procedure is as easy to comprehend as a child's primer. The office of the district attorney is to see that a malefactor is brought to justice. The office of the jury is to decide whether that action was or was not done."

"The object of the judge is to weigh, decide, and in the name of the people say what shall be done with a member of the community who has hurt the interests of the community by his or her action."
"The duty of the counsel for the prisoner is to see that his client is not traduced by false witnesses, nor his or her liberty endangered by unfacts."

"But the object of all in the courtroom is to see that justice is done, though the heavens crumble."
"I have examined no witnesses. I shall examine none. But I ask this of the latitude of the court, and in the name of that justice whose servants we one and all are, as much myself, advocate for the prisoner, as the district attorney for the people of the State of New York, as the jury in the box, as the judge on his bench; that the next witness, Thomas McCarthy, shall be allowed to tell his own story in his own way, relating facts which may not seem germane to the case, but which I claim are as pertinent as the pistol with which the crime was committed on the corpse delicti itself. I ask this of the court, and I request the court so to direct."

HARDLY REGULAR.
"This is hardly regular, Mr. Donegan."
"I ask this in the name of justice!"
"This is a court of justice, Mr. Donegan. The judge's manner has a slight rebuke. But if the district attorney is agreeable, the district attorney, a little nettled, but rather awed before the tremendous purpose of Donegan, shrugged his shoulders.
"Very well, Mr. Donegan," the judge nodded.
The district attorney—Donegan addressed the jury—"is calling Thomas McCarthy to prove the identity of Anna Janssen. He is

an officer of the city of New York, witness for the State of New York."
"The district attorney has called him to prove that the prisoner in the dock is Anna Janssen. I shall not examine him. But when he has given his testimony for the district attorney he will have given his testimony for me."
"And I shall have proven that the chorus girl who killed Alastair de Vries is not the woman who stands in the dock!"
There was an instant's sighing from the courtroom, a momentary relaxation. So Donegan had fought and won his first fight, and now they were going to hear the history of the Spicy Isles. Now all the mystery would be lifted that had been hanging about the courtroom like a necromancer's mist.
"Call Thomas McCarthy," Donegan barked from the side of his mouth.
"Officer Thomas McCarthy," "Thomas McCarthy to the stand!"
As he stood in the witness box, McCarthy seemed to bulk tremendously in the room. As Anna Janssen seemed to fill the court spiritually, so he seemed to fill it physically. Emanations of strength, emanations of power came from him like current from a battery.
He was not six feet tall, but so erect did he stand, so free was his carriage that he seemed to tower above all in the courtroom. He was not a big man, but he suggested tremendous strength, so easily with the smallest movement did the sinews ripple beneath his coat.
Brown as copper, his face had not the strange mystery of Anna Janssen, because his eyes and hair were black, where hers were fair. Yet he was strange.

OUT OF PLACE.
It was principally that he was out of place in his city clothes. One would have imagined him easily as some young athlete in the Olympic games, hurling the discus possibly, or flinging himself over the high jump.
Or one might have suffered him in the clothes of Summer in the country, short rolling collar and roomy sport coat. But in the "business suit" of some department store, he seemed like a actor some inept stage manager had dressed. Grotesquely, a police badge was pinned to the lapel of his coat.
As he entered the box, Anna Janssen turned toward him with a swift outpouring of her eyes. It might have been interest, but it was warmer than interest. It might have been appeal, but it was more confident than appeal.
"You are Plain Clothes Officer Thomas McCarthy?" the District Attorney examined.
"Yes, sir. Number 8917."
"Attached to Police Headquarters?"
"Yes, sir."
"Tell us the circumstances under which you arrested the prisoner."
The Commissioner—the Commissioner—McCarthy began, faltered, suddenly stopped.
"Yes, the Commissioner."
But McCarthy seemed struck by sudden panic.
"Yes, yes," the District Attorney became irritable. "The Commissioner"—He rapped the table.
Donegan rose.
"McCarthy," he explained gently, "has had no one to talk to for seven years but my client. He finds it hard to get his words right. Take your time, McCarthy," he told the witness. "Close your eyes. Say it as if you were saying it to yourself."

The prisoner threw him a look of gratitude.
"I was on the Vice Squad under Inspector O'Garra," the witness found the words at last. "One morning the Commissioner sends for me. It was when the trouble was on about the graft in the Raines law hotels. The Commissioner looks at me kind of hard. 'Are you on the square, McCarthy?' he says.
"Yes, Commissioner, I'm on the square," I tells him.
"It's news to me they're anyone on the square," the Commissioner laughs kind of mean.
"Tell me, McCarthy, were you ever mixed up with a woman?" I gets chilled all over, because I thinks someone's trying to frame me.
"No sir. Never," I answers.
"Then why weren't you?"
"I don't know," I says, except it was my people were from Ireland and brought me here the way. When I was a kid, Commissioner, I could go to confession without holding out, and I guess I can do it today."
"Oh, you're one of them good Irish cops," he says. I heard tell of them, but I never met one before."
"Well, you meet him now. I looks him cold in the eye. And then I'm sorry, because I see he means nothing. He's just sore."
"Well, square cop," he says. "I got a job for you. Anna Janssen, he says, 'is found. A rich guy hides her and brings her to Tahiti on his yacht. She's there now. The French authorities,' he says, 'have made a pinch. Go get her.'"
"All right," I says, and turns to go.
"Just a moment, McCarthy," he says. "Get her. You understand? Get her. And keep her. Was a man to try and escape on you, what would you do?"
To Be Continued Tomorrow.

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is tasty and appetizing as well as very nourishing. Insist upon Borden's at your drug-gist.



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PATHETIC FIGURES—



The Hundred Dollar Question

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This serial story has no name. The Washington Times will pay \$100 in gold to the person who submits the best title. Read the story every day in The Washington Times and, when the last installment has been printed, send in your suggestions for titles. The title must consist of three words or less.
Story Written By **Winnie Davis Freeman**
Copyright by The Washington Times.

He stopped speaking and gasped as the door opened and Grace came in, followed by Juanita. "Why look who's here?" he exclaimed. Then he glanced again at the paper. There was a great tenseness in the atmosphere. Grace broke the silence with:
"This is a friend of Edith's, Bob. She's going to be with us."
Bob merely nodded to Juanita. Then he looked quickly at me.
"So it was you!" he said. "It does mean you, regular guy who signs himself H. D. W., Sr."

NOT SURE OF BOB.
Never before had I realized how efficiently a newspaper works. It had been hardly an hour since we left the Attorney General's office and here was The Washington Times telling the whole story to the world. Even in the midst of the great excitement I couldn't but marvel at such rapid work.
"Yes, Bob," dear old Grace took the situation in hand. "It does refer to Edith, and her friend. She smiled sweetly on Juanita. We'll tell you all about it after dinner."
So old Bob had to sit through dinner without a word of explanation. The tenseness in the atmosphere didn't seem to impair his appetite any, however. Both he and Grace ate their usual hearty dinner. I hardly touched my food and Juanita ate even less, although you could tell that she was doing her best to eat.
After dinner Grace told me to show Juanita her room. I knew she wanted to be alone with Bob so she could tell him everything. And I was glad enough to get away. For while Grace had been terribly decent about the whole affair, I wasn't sure Bob would be so ready to understand.

Men are that way, you know. They hate publicity for their "women folks." And while Bob was an old dear and everything, there are some things men never can understand as women can. And I wasn't at all sure how Bob would take the whole business.
TUCKED JUANITA IN BED.
I stayed with Juanita until she was tucked into bed. As I started



to go, I leaned over and kissed her lightly on the cheek. And as I looked at her lying there, her curly black hair spread out over the pillow, her big, brown eyes smiling appealingly up into mine, I felt that I almost should ask her forgiveness for having at one time felt hatred in my soul for her.
She must have sensed something of what I felt, for she said, putting an arm around my neck:
"You think one time Juanita love Senor Saunders?"
"Why, of course not," I answered. "I—"
"Forgive Juanita if she have made you suffer," she said. "Juanita never love Senor Saunders."
"You dear!" I said. Then I turned out the light and left her room to think and sleep, and—as I knew she would—to dream of her "Texas Tiger."

Prize Cake Recipes

- ALMOND CAKE.**
1 cup butter.
4 eggs.
2 1/2 cups flour.
2 cups sugar.
1/2 cup milk.
3 teaspoonfuls Rumford baking powder.
1/2 teaspoonfuls almond extract.
Cream butter and sugar and yolks of eggs. Cream well and add half the milk, add one-half of the flour which has been sifted, then add the remainder of milk and add remainder of flour flavoring; beat after each addition, add baking powder and the two whites of eggs, leaving two for your icing, beat the white to a stiff froth. Bake in greased layer pans twenty to thirty minutes.
- ALMOND ICING.**
2 cups sugar.
1 cup boiling water.
2 whites of eggs.
Boil sugar and water ten minutes. Pour in a shallow dish; when cool whip with a fork until smooth, then add the whites which has been beaten to a stiff froth.
- FRUIT AND NUT CAKE.**
1 dozen eggs.
1 pound butter.
3 cups sugar.
4 cups flour.
1 cup cold black coffee.
1/2 teaspoon nutmeg.
1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon.
Small bottle vanilla.
Small bottle lemon.
Mix above ingredients and add 2 teaspoonfuls yeast powder.
2 packages seeded raisins.
1 package currants.
1 package dates.
1 pound figs.
Small box cocoanut.
1 cup English walnut meat.
1/2 cup black walnut meat.
1/2 cup blanched almonds.
Fruit cut fine and well floured.
Mrs. Sallie B. Bogue, Glen Echo, Md.

Wood is a splendid non-conductor of heat. Tests have been made showing the properly built wood house is exceptionally warm in winter and cool in summer, and that a wood roof is superior to slate or almost any other material.

Read This Story Here, Then Watch for It in Motion Pictures

About Girls and Boys

Which Have EASIER TIME IN THE WORLD?

By DAMON RUNYON.

I HAVE often heard girls say they wish they had been born boys, because boys have a much easier time in the world than girls. This is quite true. Almost every arrangement of life is unfair to the girl. Adventure is denied her. A boy can cut loose at an early age and go roaming over the globe, viewing strange sights, and enjoying new experiences. A girl must remain at home traveling the same old quiet, humdrum streets day in and day out, seeing the same old faces, and hearing the same old voices. She may be born with twice the spirit of her brother. She may have twice his initiative and daring. But she must stay behind, her spirit smothered under the musty sameness of existence, while he faces forth into the great outside. If a girl does courageously attempt a little adventure she is regarded as mannish and peculiar and not entirely all that she should be. In many communities about the only thing a girl can do to win the approbation of all hands is to go through the old rigmarole of a neat little wedding with some local dumb-bell.

ULTIMATE DESTINY.
The ultimate destiny of most girls and boys is, of course, matrimony, the establishment of homes and the rearing of children. But prior to entering into matrimony the boy commonly splashes about the world

OUR MORAL CODE.
A girl, homeless and penniless, in a strange place, would have to fight hordes of masculine busards, would be an object of great suspicion, and would finally wind up surrounded by representatives of Societies for the Prevention of Wandering Girls, who would ask her numerous questions. Take our moral code. The theory is that the same code which applies to a woman also applies to the man. This is as it should be, but how does it work out in practice? A boy raising moral standards is said to be sowing his wild oats, and no one remembers the circumstances in later years.

A girl makes some slight moral break and Heaven help her! I say Heaven help her, because no man, and, sad to relate, a few women will. What are wild oats in the boy's case become natural depravity in a girl, as the community judges a matter. If that is fair, my standards of fairness are out of joint.

The only girls who really get half a fair break from life as compared to the boys are the girls born and raised in affluence. These I claim, attain in some measure the estate which rightfully belongs to girls.

Since custom and convention expect so much of girls, and since life has appointed itself to them so unfairly in other ways, I hold that things should be so arranged that all girls would be brought up in comfort and luxury, should have all the things the feminine heart desires, and should not have to work unless they wish to work.

If I were conducting the affairs of this universe I would set aside a great fund, raised through taxation of men, for this purpose. And if you don't think I could have a beautiful world, ask the women.

AN INTERESTED READER.
I'm afraid frankness is your only course. Your continued attentions probably suggest more to the girl than you want to convey. It isn't fair to come between her and her other interests, and though it take courage, you ought to find a way of telling her just what her friendship means, so she can't dramatize it too much.
Keep a small toothbrush handy for cleaning around the handles of teacups and tumblers, and for dishes with rough surfaces or raised designs.

KEEP A SMALL TOOTHBRUSH HANDY for cleaning around the handles of teacups and tumblers, and for dishes with rough surfaces or raised designs.

You may be Sane
in everything but eating—level-headed in business, but daily digging your grave with your teeth. You eat the wrong foods and too much. Keep the body buoyant and the mind alert by eating **Shredded Wheat**
the food for the worker with hand or brain—contains everything the human body needs, prepared in a digestible form. More nutritious than meat or eggs and costs much less.
Two biscuits make a satisfying meal. Delicious with berries or other fruits.

